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BROWNING MEMORIAL.

Has not this man then a right to my love, to my admiration, to all the means which I can employ in his defence? . . . A poet is formed by the hand of Nature; he is aroused by mental vigor, and inspired by what we may call the spirit of divinity itself. Therefore our Ennius has a right to give to poets the epithet of Holy, because they are, as it were, lent to mankind by the indulgent bounty of the gods.

CICERO: Oration for Archias.



ROBERT BROWNING.

In Memoriam.

MEMORIAL TO ROBERT BROWNING

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

BROWNING SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

KING'S CHAPEL, TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1890.

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The Browning Society is indebted to the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE COMPANY for the use of the Portrait, and the two views of King's Chapel.



ORDER OF EXERCISES.

ORGAN PRELUDE . . *John Sebastian Bach* . . B. J. LANG.

OPENING ADDRESS.

By the President of the Browning Society of Boston,
COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

SONG.

"The year's at the spring."

*Words from Robert Browning's "Pippa Passes." Music by
Clara K. Rogers. Sung by W. J. Winch.*

PRAYER.

BY REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D.

HYMN.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

*Words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Music written for this
occasion by B. J. Lang. Sung by W. J. Winch.*

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, D.D.

SONG.

"I go to prove my soul!"

*From Robert Browning's "Paracelsus," Music by Emily
Harradan. Sung by W. J. Winch.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES, AND SONNET WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

REMARKS.

BY DANA ESTES, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

READING OF TRIBUTES.

From PROF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

From REV. JAMES T. BIXBY.

From CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

From HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

From THOMAS N. HART, Mayor of Boston.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

HYMN.

Sung by the audience at the Westminster Abbey Service.

"O God, our help in ages past."

BENEDICTION.

BY REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.



KING'S CHAPEL.

INTRODUCTORY.

ROBERT BROWNING, by his life and death, as well as by his own "rare gold ring of verse," has indissolubly linked together England and Italy. It was befitting that he should behold the last of earth at "beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea," and that all which is mortal of him should rest in the sacred soil of England's historic abbey; but he is the poet, not of England or of Italy, but of humanity, — honored and loved the world over, wherever the soul struggles or man aspires.

To initiate some outward expression of that honor and love among our own people seemed naturally to devolve upon an organized body like the Browning Society of Boston. On its behalf the board of officers undertook what was at once a privilege and a duty; others kindly assisted in this labor of love, and we here chronicle the result.

King's Chapel, so fragrant with sacred memories, where through the long years successive generations have gladly turned from the stir of the street to the hush of devotion, was graciously offered for our use; and on the 28th day of January, 1890, at the vesper-hour of four, the spacious edifice was filled to its capacity with those who desired to join

in this commemorative service. While there may have been contributing causes to swell the multitude of those who, without tickets of invitation, thronged the approaches to the chapel long before the hour, we are glad to believe that it was an indication of a popular appreciation of the man and his work beyond what has shown itself in organized expression or in individual speech. The day was one of winter's best, — serene and beautiful to its close, — only cold enough to be tonic.

The aspect of the interior of the chapel was impressive, and its whole tone harmonious. As described in one of the journals of the day, "the solemn nave and stately apse of this old Romanesque structure, its groined arches and time-worn carvings, its pictured windows and softened light," gave dignity to the scene; while the Christmas evergreens still remaining, and twining around the pillars, wreathing the walls and clambering over busts and mural tablets commemorating the great and good who have passed into the "vast forever," — these and the laurel-leaves, the calla lilies, the white and pink roses, gracefully disposed in the chancel, the reading-desk, and the pulpit, lent the beauty of the present to mingle with the charm of the past. As Browning would have wished, there was nothing funereal; and as we gazed upon the laurel-crowned crayon portrait of the great poet, which rested on the easel at the

right of the chancel, one could well imagine his benignant satisfaction that there was "nothing here but what was good and fair." As tersely expressive of his faith in a personal immortality, in God, and in His immanence in the world as the Perpetual Beauty, these lines from "Christmas Eve," wrought in green immortelles, were in front of the pulpit : —

"And I shall behold Thee face to face,
O God, and in Thy light retrace
How in all I loved here still wast Thou !"

The rich organ tones, under the accomplished touch of Mr. Lang, rendered a solemn but triumphant prelude from Bach, and then Prof. WILLIAM J. ROLFE, the first vice-president of our Society, rose and said : —

"Friends of the Browning Society, and you who belong to that larger Browning Society in the great fellowship of those who love and honor the poet, I am very sorry that Colonel Higginson cannot be here to-day, and I know that you will all be very sorry ; but you will be relieved to know that in taking his place I speak for him and not for myself, and he has very kindly written out what he would say to you. You will miss his graceful and felicitous utterance, and that is no slight loss ; but it cannot, unfortunately, be helped. This is what he would say, and say much better than I can, if he were here : —

OPENING ADDRESS.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE BROWNING SOCIETY OF BOSTON,

COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

[Read by Vice-President Dr. W. J. ROLFE.]

WE meet to-day to pay our modest tribute of thanks and love to one of the great teachers of the English-speaking world. If British readers paid a similar tribute in Westminster Abbey to our own Longfellow, it seems not unfitting that we should gather beneath this humbler but still venerable roof, whose very name links us with our kindred beyond sea; and that we should here recognize our debt to one who has been a part of our training, has made his thoughts our thoughts, and has enlarged our lives to the wide range of his rich imagination. He never visited our shores; but I remember to have read in a letter from his gifted wife that they counted among their friends in Italy as many Americans as English, and a French critic * has expressed the opinion that Browning was himself more an American than an English-

* Selon les meilleurs critiques il y a plus de similitude entre la nature du talent de M. Browning et celle des Américains contemporains . . . qu'avec celle de n'importe quel poète Anglais. — LAROUSSE: *Dictionnaire Universel*. Art. *Browning*.

man in temperament. Those of us who look back forty years can remember that he had even then, in this region, a circle of grateful readers ; and he was praised in print by Margaret Fuller, Lowell, and John Weiss at a time when, as Lady Pollock has lately testified, he had scarcely an admirer in London save the actor Macready.

It is not needful that we should assume to decide Robert Browning's place among the world's poets ; that requires the consent of successive ages and different nationalities, and we are some centuries too soon to count the ballots. Five hundred years after Dante's birth Voltaire wrote thus of him : "The Italians call him divine, but it is a hidden divinity ; few people understand his oracles. He has commentators, which perhaps is another reason for his not being understood. His fame will go on increasing, because scarce anybody reads him." * Voltaire wrote thus of Dante, in words which, if their source were left unexplained, might well pass as having been used of Robert Browning by some dissatisfied critic of to-day ; yet Voltaire's was the keenest intellect of his age, he stood for what seemed the prevailing sentiment, and in spite of him Dante has passed to a final seat among

* Les Italiens l'appellent *divin*, mais c'est une divinité cachée : peu de gens entendent ses oracles ; il a des commentateurs, c'est peut-être encore une raison de plus pour n'être pas compris. Sa réputation s'affirmira toujours, parcequ'on ne le lit guère. — VOLTAIRE : *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. Art. *Dante*.

the highest kings of song. Fortunately it is not needful that we should thus weigh our benefactors in a balance. We know that the public and private life of Robert Browning, the vast range of his thought and observation, the world of characters to whom he has introduced us, the poetic dignity and sweetness of his marriage, — that all these things not merely secure our affection, but guarantee his fame.

To say that his work is unequal is to say that he is human. Every poet's work is unequal; but in judging of the value of a mine we do not measure the dross, we test the ore. He who has made life richer and ampler, youth more beautiful, age more venerable and hopeful, has been the friend of mankind. He passes away from us, but he has peopled the realm of imagination with beings who will not depart. Paracelsus and Pippa, Colombe and Luria, Hervé Riel and Andrea del Sarto and Rabbi Ben Ezra, — as Macready said of the personages in "The Merchant of Venice," "Who is alive, if they are not?"

SONG.

THE year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn :
Morning 's at seven ;
The hillside 's dew-pearled :
The lark 's on the wing ;
The snail 's on the thorn ;
God 's in his heaven —
All 's right with the world !

*Words from Robert Browning's "Pippa Passes." Music by
Clara K. Rogers. Sung by W. J. Winch.*

PRAYER.

BY REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D.

ALMIGHTY GOD, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after being delivered from the burdens of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors; and we beseech Thee that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss in Thy heavenly and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Almighty God, we turn ourselves to-day from the busy life of the absorbing outward world, desiring to find in this place of prayer the quiet contemplation of the inward world of imagination and of thought. We thank Thee for the gift to this modern time of the insight of the poet and seer. We thank Thee that on the wings of song we are lifted out of the stress and dust of life to the calm, clear heights of emotion, exaltation, and desire. We thank Thee that thus the world loses for a time its hold on us, and we look down on the perplexing motives and aims of life, and up to the un-

changing skies of love and peace which overarch them all. Grant to us this revelation of Thyself which is given to the open mind of man. Speak to us by Thy prophets of the soul, and bring Thy message down from age to age. Make the ideals of our life real to us. May the young among us see their visions, and the old among us not outgrow their dreams. Let us be led by those who interpret to us the higher life of man. Justify to us in these days the poet's work. Reproduce in us the impulses to which he summons us. The more we discover in our lives that the things which are seen are temporal, so much the more may we find our joy and peace in the unseen and the eternal treasures of thought, of vision, and of beauty. Grant to us, then, by the message of this hour, this permanent enrichment of our spiritual lives. We ask it in the spirit of Him who has taught us that Thou, the All-Great, art the All-Loving too. In that confession of Thy greatness and of Thy love, make us His disciples, and make our common prayer to-day His prayer for us.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

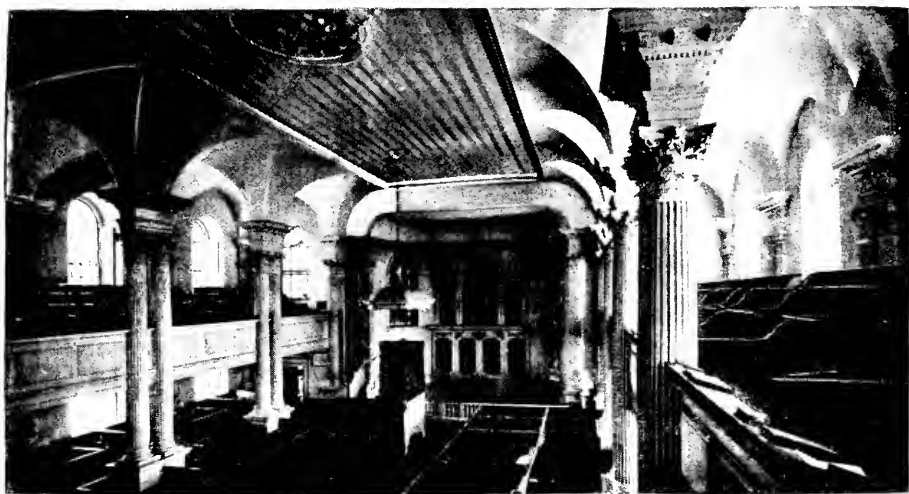
HYMN.

WHAT would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delv'd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slopes men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

*Words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Music written for this
occasion by B. J. Lang. Sung by W. J. Winch.*



INTERIOR OF KING'S CHAPEL.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, D.D.

IN the year 1825 Macaulay published the first of those essays which were to make his name famous, and which were to effect a revolution in the art of review-writing for the English-speaking world. The subject of this essay was John Milton. In its opening pages Macaulay maintained that as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. The language of civilization, he tells us, is unfitted for the poet's use. "The vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical; that of a half-civilized people is poetical." The change which civilization produces in men's minds is no less unfavorable to poetry than the change which it works in language. The mind of the civilized man is analytic; poetry demands the constructive power of the imagination. Poetry needs also a half-faith in the imagination, such as the child has in the story of "Red Riding-Hood." Poetry produces an illusion for the eye of the mind such as a magic lantern produces for the eye of the body. Poetry, like the magic lantern, needs darkness; and in these later days science has flooded the world with light.

There is much plausibility in this reasoning of the young Macaulay, and its plausibility has grown stronger in the two generations since he wrote. We now almost smile at the notion that sixty or seventy years ago the world could have been thought of as penetrated by the light of science. Since then knowledge has moved on with rapid stride, until now we may indeed feel that there is nothing which her power does not claim. Then life was like a free stream that flows at its own glad will ; it was like a fountain leaping to meet its source : now the formulæ of science have taken life itself into their bondage.

Different indeed is the world of to-day from that earlier world, in which, according to Macaulay, poetry had its proper place. Then there was everywhere the presence of spontaneous life ; now there is everywhere the presence of lifeless forces. The Vedic hymns sing of Indra, the god who reveals his power in the lightning. The lightning is the spear that he hurls at the demons of the clouds, who are holding back from the thirsty earth the water that it needs. I confess it was with a certain shock that in the Hindu philosophy—later than the Vedic hymns, though still very ancient—I came upon the statement that the lightning is the effect of the wind beating upon the clouds. The idea would seem to be, that as fire is produced by rubbing two sticks together, so the heavenly fire is produced by the friction of the wind and

the cloud. Yes ; science, such as it was, had come to ancient India ; and the strong and jovial, the kind and terrible Indra had fled before it. We can half sympathize with the Greeks, who turned their wrath upon Anaxagoras because he said that the sun was no living god, but a mass of fiery stone. No wonder it seemed to them blasphemy. They rightly felt that this might prove but the beginning of a revolution more terrible than that which placed Jupiter on the throne of Saturn. This might tear Jupiter from his seat, and put no other god in his place. The thought of Anaxagoras is now what we teach to our children in the schools. He would be hooted as a madman who should find in the sun any more divinity than this. Thus it is that Schiller speaks of "*Die entgötterte Welt*," — the world deflowered of its divinity.

Another element has united with this to take the poetry out of life. I mean that of interest in merely material advancement. There is, as the moralist grows never weary of telling us, a hot pursuit of wealth or of social advancement. Our young men can hardly wait for the time of preparation to be accomplished before they plunge into the vortex of active business life ; or if they have not this impatience, the world is tempted to think that the time spent in the higher culture, in the quiet contemplation of the fair humanities, should be reduced to as small a space as possible.

These influences have had, to a large extent, their natural influence. On the whole, the age tends to become prosaic. Matthew Arnold professed to find our American life uninteresting. We took the criticism in ill part, but did not help the matter by loudly insisting that we are interesting. There was a truth in what Matthew Arnold said. The truth of his accusation is in the fact that we are modern. In the Old World the modern life is enframed by the remains of an earlier age; with us it stands alone. But even the regions most hallowed by the poetry of an earlier life our modern world tends to reduce to its own commonplaceness. A friend recently in Rome reported that it reminded him of nothing so much as of one of the newest and rawest of Western cities. An article in a late number of "The Nineteenth Century" draws a vivid picture of the change which the Eternal City has undergone. We are made to see streets lined with lofty buildings presenting all the tastelessness which the modern world can offer, and in their youthful prime tottering with a decrepitude of which their predecessors showed no sign in their venerable age. Even in Nuremberg the commonplace structures of the present age are more and more crowding out the old, and the quaint streets are being by slow degrees shorn of their beauty; so that we are tempted to fear that the time will shortly come when one who would see the real Nuremberg must seek it in the pages of his Longfellow.

We can hardly help shrinking with a certain dread as we see the great hand of this tasteless modern life stretched out to crush in its remorseless grasp the airy and delicate beauty of Japan.

I do not forget the real glories of our generation,—the improvement in all the appliances for comfort and luxury ; the magnificent triumphs of science ; the yet nobler triumphs of a large philanthropy ; and, nobler even than these triumphs, the great sympathy for the suffering which seeks, as yet so vainly, for some solution of the difficult problems of human life. We should be blind not to see all this, and heartless not to rejoice in it ; but we should be blind also if we did not see, and heartless also if we did not regret, the bare and prosaic aspect of so much of the modern world. In the face of this are we not forced to grant that the young Macaulay was right, and that a high degree of civilization must repress and finally crush out the spirit of poetry ?

There are, however, two things which this reasoning leaves out of the account. One is the heart of the world itself, and the other is the heart of man. So far as the first of these is concerned, it forgets that our scientific discoveries are but superficial. They have to do only with the phenomenal world, with the world of finite successions and external relations. The deep heart and mystery of things they do not touch. Our science does little more than name the forces

that are active in the world. We talk of gravitation; but who will tell us what gravitation is? It is as if one were to learn the names of the constellations, and should think that thereby he had exhausted the mystery of the heavens. And behind these forces, working in and through them, is that from which they derive their power. That, science can never measure or explore. It is in vain that our modern philosophy sets up upon the borders of this unexplored region of mystery its sign, "No trespassing allowed." The faith, the imagination, the fancy of men will not heed the warning, and will make it their hunting-ground or their playground, as they have done from the beginning.

As the mystery of the world will not suffer itself to be bound by such formulæ, so the soul of man is by its very nature free. Human passions and human longings, the joys, the dreads, the aspirations of the heart remain. The more the minds of men are confined within the limits of conventionalism, and oppressed by the details of science and by material interests, the more will the stronger spirits rebel against the imprisonment. The very accumulation of scientific knowledge which we feared would stifle their life contributes to their life. It is as if one should seek to stifle flames by piling brushwood upon them. At first the flame is lost; then there presses out here and there the smoke of discontent, until at last the fire bursts forth, and in wild joy consumes that beneath which it was buried.

In fact, at the time Macaulay wrote the essay of which I have spoken, the "Faust" of Goethe had been published seventeen years, Wordsworth was already fifty-five years old, and — what Macaulay could not have dreamed of — two English boys were busied with their work and their play, one thirteen years and the other sixteen years of age, who were to manifest the power of a lofty poetry in a civilization more complex, and in the face of a science more bold and all-embracing, than anything which Macaulay had imagined. They were to find their very inspiration in the thought and in the life of this age, in which the dry light of science illuminates the world. These boys were Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson. Indeed, it was in the very year when Macaulay wrote, that the opening blossom of the genius of the boy Browning was touched by the fertilizing pollen from the open flower of Shelley's poetry.

I will not name other singers in England and America who have with the light of poetry glorified an age which is in so many respects prosaic, and made it worthy to be reckoned with the periods most marked in English literature. It is a happiness not to be easily exaggerated, that we have enjoyed the genius of two poets so strong, so earnest, so magnificent in their creations, and so unlike as Tennyson and Browning. The genius of the one has complemented that of the other. It is idle to seek to exalt one at the expense of the other.

Some of us, by the natural bent of our spirits, may find more enjoyment in the one, and others in the other. Let us be thankful for the good which may thus come to us, but not seek to make our special taste the measure of their genius. Who shall say which is more beautiful, the castle-crowned hills through which the Rhine flows in its lower course, or the jagged and precipitous mountains through which its upper waters have cut their way? Who shall adjudge the prize of musical effect between the artistic completeness of the violin and the deep or lofty music that the organ utters? One may prefer the violin, another may like the organ best. Let each take gladly whatever is thus granted him. Happy is he who can enjoy in full measure the beauty of them both.

The figures that I have used I think may well express the difference between Tennyson and Browning. In the one we have the most perfect and delicate finish of art; in the other we have more of the wild strength of Nature. Tennyson's verse is so clear that we sometimes fail to realize the depths over which we are borne so quietly; the thought of Browning is so stimulating that we sometimes almost forget the beauty of his verse. In Tennyson we have the smoothness of vowels and liquids; in Browning we have the strength of the harsher consonants. The measure of each is the best expression for the spirit of his song. Change the "In

Memoriam" and the "Idyls of the King" into the speech of Browning, and how would they be transformed! Sing the "Paracelsus" and the "Flight of the Duchess" in the music of Tennyson, and how much should we miss!

I have thus united the names of Browning and Tennyson, as we have been wont to do. Slowly we must learn to disentangle the names that have been so long linked together in our thoughts. The younger has been called the first to take his place in the sublime ranks of the poets of the past. The separation is, however, but for a time. Posterity shall re-link their names. Their genius, like some fair double star, shall shed its light upon the generations that are to follow, while it shall keep fresh the memory of our own.

Most of us have known Robert Browning only as a poet; but through his poetry we have felt something of the power and the fascination of his personality. In paying our tribute to his memory to-day, let us look at him as we have been wont to do. Let us consider him as a poet. Let us look at some of the elements that add beauty and strength to his song, and see afresh how these reveal something of the nature and spirit of the man. Doing this, we may learn also how what was best and most charming in him as a man united to fit him for his chosen work.

We hardly need the representations of the poet which his friends have given us, or the pictured form, to realize the

robust health in which he rejoiced. We read it in every page that he has written. I doubt if one could find on them a line or a thought that could be called morbid. The cheerful optimism that shines through his works bears the mark of being on the one side the product of his thought, on the other the result of a healthy nature. This robustness shows itself in his style. Critics have complained that his verse is sometimes harsh; but strength as well as sweetness has a charm. His lines rarely fail to have a swing and a music of their own,—a music, too, which is for the most part the fitting garment of the thought that reveals itself through them. It is a rare delight to see such strength blossom into beauty. His English nature and his life in Italy, with the love he had for it, united to produce a rare fruitage. He had a power of intellect such as we would look for in a philosopher, united with a power of imagination such as few poets possess.

It has become a commonplace to say that Browning's poetry is obscure. The "*Sordello*" indeed demands a study which it amply repays. So far as his other writings are concerned, it is rare that I find anything which demands more than a reasonable co-working of the reader with the poet. This is especially true of the works of his best period, ending with "*The Ring and the Book*."

I do not deny that Browning sometimes fails to reach the complete mastery of form; but I conceive that the obscurity

which so many find results largely from the strength and impetuosity of his nature, and from the vividness of his imagination.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has given us a delightful picture of the poet, describes his private conversation. "The Browning of his own study," he tells us, "was to the Browning of a dinner-party as a tiger is to a domestic cat. . . . His talk assumed the volume and the tumult of a cascade." Swinburne says of him that "he never thinks but at full speed." It is not strange that such impetuosity should sometimes crowd too much into a sentence for the easiest apprehension. This is a small price to pay for the life which this eagerness of utterance could not fail to introduce into his work. I conceive, however, that the obscurity, such as it is, comes no less from the vividness of his imagination. The scene which he would describe stood with such absolute distinctness before him that perhaps he did not always realize quite sufficiently the difference between his vision and that of the reader. He would thus bring out the salient points of the picture without always giving enough of the commonplace background and detail to make the reading quite easy to all. It is rare, however, that enough is not given, if only the reader will consent to let his imagination work with that of the poet. On the other hand, it is just this making prominent of what is most characteristic, and the omission of what is

commonplace, that is one great element of strength in style. Thus that which to many is a source of obscurity is to others the source of the keenest delight. I have compared the genius of Browning to the mountain region through which the upper Rhine flows. Many a *via mala* does the unaccustomed reader find in his works; but the difficult heights and the chasms that affright the hasty tourist give a joy to the climber who is at home among them and finds there a beauty such as the lowlands could hardly offer. Obscurity that comes from slovenliness cannot be too strongly blamed; but obscurity that springs from strength of thought, vividness of imagination, and force of style is something very different.

Many assume that it is a condemnation of a poet in advance to admit that a strain of attention must sometimes go to the reading of him. Why this should be, I do not know. A like method of judgment does not prevail in regard to music. It is thought no fault in a musical composer if the attention must be so stretched in listening to an unfamiliar symphony as to be followed by a certain weariness.

It is almost pathetic to see the pains which Browning took to make himself clear. There are the headings which he added to the pages of the "Sordello" to tell what it was all about. They remind one of the guide-boards which of late have been scattered freely over the higher Alps, that the un-

wonted traveller might find his way, — somewhat to the disgust of the climbers who like to use their heads as well as their bodies in the ascent. Yet more pathetic is the change in the title of that charming series of poems in the “*Dramatis Personæ*” which was at first entitled “*James Lee*.” In later editions the title has been prosaically changed to “*James Lee’s Wife*,” — probably to satisfy the needs of those who could not distinguish between a treble and a bass voice, or else perhaps of those who refused their sympathy to the unhappy pair until they had seen their marriage certificate.

The imagination of Browning was perceptive as well as creative. What he shows us is never distorted; it is real. It has, however, a beauty that we had never seen before, but which we see now; for when his imagination adds a touch of life to the scene, it does it without marring its grand truth. Who else could have given us a picture like this?

“Oh, good, gigantic smile o’ the brown earth
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i’ the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth,
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.”

Or if you wish one drawn with a more delicate touch, look at this, from the same group of poems, —

“On the rock, they scorch
Like a drop of fire
From a brandished torch,
Fell two red fans of a butterfly.
No turf, no rock ; in their ugly stead
See wonderful blue and red.”

In his last volume he speaks of the time when he first landed at Asolo, and

“Natural objects seemed to stand
Palpably fire clothed.”

The lambent flame has gone ; but he finds compensation in the fact that he now sees Nature in its sharp outline,—everything as it is. This was a consoling thought ; but for myself I doubt if the fiery glory was not the truer revelation of that from the heart of which it sprang.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, to whose charming account of Browning I have already referred, describes a conversation with the poet in a garden. He states that with all the life of birds and insects about them, Browning did not make an allusion to any of these natural facts. From this he draws the inference that “although on occasion he could be so accurate an observer of Nature, it was not instinctive with him to observe.” The conclusion, I think, is not justified. What the incident did illustrate was the intensity of the poet’s nature, —he would interest himself in one thing at a time ; and yet

more, perhaps, it shows that however much he loved Nature, he loved man better.

With him hardly more than with the Greek poets does Nature figure except as the background and accompaniment of human life. All life interested him. The strength of his imagination showed itself in the revelation that it made to him of human hearts and the power that it gave him to present to us in visible form, and with the charm that genius alone can give, the living souls of men. It is marvellous how many and what different types of men and women are thus presented. Here his imagination and his love of his kind worked harmoniously together. In all these characters no one is slurred or blurred. Each stands out in absolute distinctness and reality. Critics have objected that so far as the more ignorant and lowly characters which he presents are concerned, it is not they who speak, but Browning who speaks through them. In other words, they talk like poets. It is true that they all are touched with the genius of Browning, but it is also true that it is their real inner life that speaks. The poem is none the less a revelation of them, even if it might sometimes have been a revelation to them. And what a power is this! What power of genius, to create this world of living personalities, and to bid them stand forth, though in so many cases without story or grouping, in all the charm of artistic completeness! We admire

the pathetic beauty of Guido's Beatrice Cenci, solitary in her grief. We wonder at the inspiration that could create the Apollo of the Belvidere, even though we do not see the monster at which his shaft is levelled. It is a genius like this by which Robert Browning placed before us living men and women, each uttering the secret of his life. The range of his characters was less only than that of the great world in which the genius of Shakspeare loved to disport itself.

Browning treats these living creations of his with so much delicacy, — we might say with so much honor, — not infringing upon their rights, and letting each state his own case so fairly, that some have feared that an immoral influence might come from his work. Amid the sophistries and the inverted ideals of one and another, how easily might the impressionable reader become bewildered and misled! Indeed, it might not be easy to say why this should not happen. It might not be easy to say why it is that there comes a moral inspiration from this medley of voices. Who can say how we know that Shakspeare loves Cordelia rather than her sisters? How do we know even that suffering innocence is more dear to the Creator of the world than triumphant vice? Perhaps in Browning's world the effect comes from this very fairness of treatment of which I have spoken. The worldly soul, for instance, is suffered to come forth into the light and display

itself precisely as it is. In this pitiless exposure of itself, and of the sophistries with which it clothes itself, is found its condemnation; while the beauty of the loving and aspiring soul is its reward. Thus while Browning rejoiced in the intensity of life, even if the life were not of the highest, we never feel the lack of a moral atmosphere. Perhaps the story of "The Statue and the Bust" has been most often referred to in this connection. In this the actors are blamed because their life was wasted in vain longings for forbidden joys. The notion that it is better to live out one's life, right or wrong, and thus get some good out of it, even though this good be not the highest, has seemed to some to be an encouragement to sin. But what shall we say of the cry of the prophet, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. If the Lord be God, serve him; if Baal, serve him"? Has the world ever found impiety in this? If men had to decide outright once for all, and then hold to their decision, would not they oftener be aroused to a sense of the true life? Or, at worst, if one loses heaven by hankering after forbidden fruit, why should he lose earth also because he has not courage to pluck it?

Not only did Browning have a love of human nature, which showed itself in the creations of which I have spoken, he was interested in life itself. He had his philosophy of life. Perhaps one element of this philosophy was the

sense of the beauty of life in and for itself. It had, however, certain elements more akin to what we ordinarily call philosophy.

The word "philosophy" suggests the criticism of Browning's poems which perhaps is the one most often urged. Some have considered him rather a philosopher than a poet; and for one who stands as a poet there could be no worse condemnation. Perhaps the students of Browning have been somewhat at fault in this matter. They may have sought too diligently for the meaning of his verse. Perhaps they have sometimes found meanings of which the poet had not dreamed. Even when they have really reached his thought, that and the metrical form, separated in the analysis, may have sometimes remained apart; and the unity, once broken, has not been restored.

Browning is sometimes spoken of as one who reasons in verse, as if that were to deny the claim that he is a real poet. There are, however, two different kinds of reasoning. One is that of the intellect, which moves by the rules of logic. This, taken by itself, even if it be put into metrical form, is no more poetry than the rhymes by means of which children remember the days of the month. The other is the reasoning of the heart, aided by the imagination. This may furnish the material of the truest poetry. As an example of this, consider the often-quoted lines of Browning, —

“For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless God.”

This is no logical proof of the existence of God. It is simply the voice of the heart rejoicing in what is divine, and sure that what is the best must be the truest. Much of the so-called reasoning of Browning is of this kind. It is full of passion, and is winged by the imagination. Sometimes the reasoning serves simply to reveal the nature of the person into whose mouth it is put. It is not the reasoning that is the chief thing, but the character that is made visible by it. In Bishop Blougram's defence, for instance, we have presented what I have called an inverted ideal of life. By what power of imagination is this ideal embodied, and how does each new step in the reasoning make a new revelation of the man who utters it!

Let us ask briefly what is the philosophy of life which is embodied in those poems of Browning that can be said to be pervaded by a philosophy. Only in this way can we know whether it may furnish material to be fused by the fire of poetry.

The philosophy of Browning, if it may be so called, consists in the sense of a discord in life, and in faith in an ideal in which this discord shall be solved. In the “Paracelsus”—the earliest poem which he afterward cared to acknowledge—the key is struck with which many of his other poems are in

accord. In the history of the world, the earliest form of art is the symbolic. I have sometimes thought that the lives of the grander poets tended to repeat the forms through which the art of the world has passed. The "Paracelsus" presents this central thought of Browning in a lofty symbolism. It perhaps more truly than any other modern poem can be called sublime. Paracelsus and Aprile are each the half of a divided man. The one would know only, the other would love only; and thus each fails for the lack of what the other has. A somewhat similar contrast is marked in most of his other tragedies. Some would deny to these the right to be called dramas, because there is so little action. Certainly they are not dramas for the stage; but to the reader they lack nothing of dramatic power. There are tragedies which are wrought out in the spirit, that have an interest and a significance that no conflict of force with force in the outer world can equal. In these and many of his other poems there is the contrast of the heart that would trust its own instincts, and an intellect that would trust to indirectness and cunning. In this and in other ways we are made to feel the antagonism of these elements of our nature in their separation, and to realize the ideal beauty of a life in which they should be united in a glad harmony.

Corresponding with this contrast in the inner life there is a discord in the larger world. There is power, and there is

love. The two seem opposed to each other. This is the great discord of the world. The head and the heart, power and love, — how shall they be reconciled? Only by a faith that shall see love manifesting itself in the power; only in a life ideally perfect, in which the head and heart are in accord. This ideal shows itself as it stands out against the background which religion offers. The religion of Browning is as simple, as natural, and as robust as his physical life. There is no cant, no change of tone, when he speaks of spiritual things. Partly from this natural voice in which the word is uttered, the name of God has a power on his lips that it has rarely had on another's. Immortality is the crown of life. Thus he looks serenely on the struggles that make so large a part of the experience of the world. Not what a man is, but what he aspires to be, makes up his true being.

In these aspects of his poems we see how he is at once the child and the master of his age. When did the intellect and the heart find themselves so discordant as to-day? When did the power of the world seem to so many to leave no place for love? In his religion he showed that he had learned the lesson of his age, had passed through its conflicts, and had reached the peace which could only be gained through such strife. In the epilogue to the "*Dramatis Personæ*" are pictured the three great stages in the religious life of men. First, there is the pomp of the old worship, —

“ When the singers lift up their voice,
And the trumpets made endeavor,
Sounding, ‘ In God rejoice !’
Saying, ‘ In Him rejoice
Whose mercy endureth forever !’
Then the temple filled with a cloud,
Even the house of the Lord ;
Porch bent and pillar bowed ;
For the presence of the Lord,
In the glory of his cloud,
Had filled the house of the Lord.”

Then follows the voice of the scepticism of the present day, singing of the face that had once looked down from the heavens, but which had vanished into the night. At last Browning himself speaks, saying, —

“ Friends, I have seen through your eyes : now use mine ! ”

and ending, —

“ Why, where ’s the need of temple, when the walls
O’ the world are that ? What use of swells and falls
From Levites’ choir, priests’ cries, and trumpet calls ?
That one face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe, that feels and knows ! ”

Such is all that I can find in the poems of Browning which can be called his philosophy. It is the joy in life for its own

sake. It is the recognition of one of the harshest of the discords that jar upon the harmony of life. It is the vision of an ideal life, in which this discord should be solved. It is the knowledge that the ideal after which one strives represents a life more than the pitiful half-attainment. It is the perception of an infinite spiritual background, against which his noblest characters loom sublime, and from which the slightest things gain clearness and significance. Is not all this the very stuff out of which poetry should be wrought? Does it need more than the master's touch to put on of itself the poetic form?

This must not be taken too seriously. He was not always, not often, dealing with the problems and the higher aspects of life. The summit of the mountain of his genius pierces the sky; but the green trees clothe its sides, and the flowers laugh upon its lower slopes and upon the plains that stretch about its base.

While I have been speaking of the poetry of Browning, I have been trying to make more real to you and to myself the thought of that personality which the poems manifest, — that strong, eager nature; that joy in the outer world and in life; that imagination which glorified the world; that faith which soared above it. Do not these unite to reveal the presence of a noble manhood? It is not merely gratitude for the works of his genius that brings us together to-day, though

these well might justify the tribute that we offer. It is the companionship that we have found in the master who has come to seem to us as a friend; it is the sense of the loss that has come to our own hearts; for though we shall rejoice still in the magnificence of the genius, we shall feel no longer the presence of that near human personality: it is this chiefly which has caused, and which justifies, this solemn commemoration.

The few hints that have come to us from those who knew him well confirm this revelation from his works. He was sweet and gentle as he was strong, generous as he was quick and impetuous, beloved by his friends as he was honored by the world. In meeting a new acquaintance, one tells us, he seemed more anxious to please than to be pleased.

As his personality was a splendid example of the possibilities of human nature, so would his history seem to be a beautiful illustration of the possibilities of human life. The qualities which have brought joy to us in his works, the strength, the buoyancy, the delight in Nature and in man, the glow of imagination, the cheerful faith,—all these would bring happiness to him also. He was free from the harassing cares that beset so many. In his career as an artist there were obstacles enough to stimulate the strength of his purpose and to show the power of his manhood; there was recognition enough to more than satisfy his longing for sym-

pathy and fame. He had the joy of health and of a glad activity to the very last. His latest book, published on the day of his death, not only manifests the spiritual power that charmed us in his earlier works; it has more touches of his earlier genius than are found in most of his later poems.

How can I speak of that marriage which has not its parallel upon the earth? When did two such regal souls unite in such an intimate relation? When did poet have offered to him from one whom he loved, songs glorified by such genius as shines through the sonnets which were modestly inscribed as translated from the Portuguese?

In our thought of Browning and his work to-day, by the side of the "Rabbi Ben Ezra," in which he sang as few have done the worth of life, we love to place the "Saul," in which he sang as no one else has done, and as few have had equal right to do, the joy of living.

In the solemn obsequies in Westminster Abbey, as amidst the throng of the noblest of England's living sons the body of Browning was placed among the noblest of her dead, Mrs. Browning's sacred verse was sung, —

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

He had once sung to her, —

"Here where the heart rests let the brain rest also."

It was fitting that his death should receive the benediction of the love that had blessed his life.

Thus do we strive, in such poor fashion as we may, to utter to this noble soul our gratitude and our God-speed, and in the words which he has put into our lips, the words which stand on the last page of his latest book, cry after him, as he vanishes into the unseen, "Strive and thrive!" cry, —

"Speed, fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

SONG.

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but, unless God send his hail,
Or blinding fireballs, sleet, or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!

*From Robert Browning's "Paracelsus." Music by Ethel
Harradan. Sung by W. J. Winch.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

I AM very glad to respond to your invitation to this memorial service in honor of the distinguished poet whose recent death is lamented by all who have known his works, and especially by some of us who had known him personally in his younger or in his later days. From all we knew of him, it seemed as if his immense vitality and productive power might have continued untouched for many years longer; and it is not easy to think of him as one of the forever silent voices among us.

My first acquaintance with Browning's works dates back to over forty-five years ago, when I was one of a comparatively small circle of the readers and admirers of the first of his books known in America. I well remember with what fresh delight and enthusiasm we read them.

It was therefore a rare experience when a few years later I met him in Florence in the winter of 1849. I recall his bright, alert, sunny, cordial presence as he sat in my studio, or as I saw him in his rooms at the Casa Guidi — those

rooms then lit up as by a double star — with Mrs. Browning at his side. My wife and I were introduced to them by our friend Margaret Fuller; and I think it was through her, and about the same time, that our friend William Story was introduced to them. The natural feeling of remoteness in our first admission to the society of two such distinguished poets was soon dissipated by their frank and genial hospitality. We saw them often, and it is needless to say that the privilege of this acquaintance gave added charms to our residence that winter in Florence.

I met Browning again in London in 1855 — also in Paris — and in 1859 in Rome. But he was then moving much in aristocratic society, and we saw less both of him and his wife.

At the time I first knew him he was thirty-seven years old. He wore no beard or moustache, and his hair was nearly black. This was his appearance the last time I saw him. The later photographs of him, with gray hair and full gray beard, do not help me in the least to a recollection of his face.

His manners were extremely cordial and friendly. When animated in conversation, he had a way of getting up and standing, or walking up and down while still continuing to talk in a fluent vein. A subject that especially excited him at that time was that of mediums and spiritual manifestations. He was an utter unbeliever in these, while Mrs. Browning

was very credulous ; and they had many a friendly altercation on this theme.

Of most of Browning's works since then I have been from time to time a reader,—greatly drawn to his best poems as among the most remarkable of our century.

As time went on, and every few years brought from his pen something new, his readers perused these audacious and phenomenal works with moods of mixed and conflicting criticism. The originality, the strength, the variety, the scholarship, the powerful dramatization of the interior life, the subtle thought, the blood-warm vitality, the spiritual aspiration, were all there. But here too were the capricious and eccentric diction,—the rhymes that were merely ingenious and odd, but running unpleasantly and irrelevantly criss-cross, as it were, to the natural movement of the thought. Here were promising hints at intimate thoughts and feelings shrouded in misty phrases ; here were poems that seemed like games of chess, almost mathematical problems. And the question rose, How much of this is *poetry*, whether as substance or form ? Then, as to the thought itself, apart from any poetic expression, the critics said : " Here are huge masses of rock full of pure gold ; but then, think of the trouble of extracting it ! Here are skeins to unravel ; here are hard nuts to crack,—problems to solve,"—till finally came the idea of associated labor, and

societies must be formed to discuss and lay open his mysteries. The critics naturally said, "We looked for a new poet, who should continue the fresh strains of his early day; and lo! here we have the most abstruse and puzzling of Delphic oracles, where wilful caprice and obscurity are found clouding the lustre of a noble genius,—and what a pity! He *could* speak so to the poetic sense in the general heart if he only chose!"

But on an occasion like this, feeling as we must how shining a light has gone out from the literature of our century, and how unexpectedly,—for though no longer young, he gave no signs of intellectual decay,—the voice of criticism should be still before the solemn and tender associations of his death. We would remember him only at his best, and avoid the critical spirit in which so many of his most earnest admirers regret that he was not always equal to the expectations he himself raised.

For one, I like to remember Browning chiefly in his earlier, though here and there very distinctly in his later poems. But in summing up all he has written, what wealth of lofty thought and imagery, and superb delineation of character! Has not his genius left a stamp of individuality that must endure with our literature?

There is this too to be said, that we make no fewer marked selections from his works, relatively to their bulk,

than we do in our reading of any of the great poets. How much of Byron, of Shelley, of Wordsworth, lingers in our memory compared to the great mass of what they published? And especially is this true when comparing their longer with their shorter poems. Perhaps no long and elaborate work by any modern poet is ever equal to his shorter flights.

I think there is always an element in the writings of every poet of genius that eludes the touch of intellectual vivisection. It is that which is the *soul* of poetry,—a mystery often felt more than comprehended, or identified by any cheap or conventional labels.

In Browning we feel the presence of resources on which he almost disdains to draw.

As a great dramatist and dramatic lyrist, as a profound spiritual seer, and as a master of original, vivid, and powerful diction, he is noble and inspiring, and will always, in spite of his deficiencies of form, rank as one of the great poets of our time.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THEMES strong, verse blood-warm with the limbs and veins
Of life at full flush ; yet as when one sees
Some unknown Grecian youth Praxiteles
Or Phidias raised from flesh on Attic plains
Into perennial marble, the coarse stains
Of corporal frailty cleansed by ministries
Of art divine from all impurities.
Till of crude fact the living soul remains, —
So with the touch of genius wrought this seer
Of passion and of truth, till heart and mind
Share in the vigor of the fleshly frame.
Though palpable to sense his forms appear,
In the soul's life transfigured and refined
The higher art that nature makes, they claim.

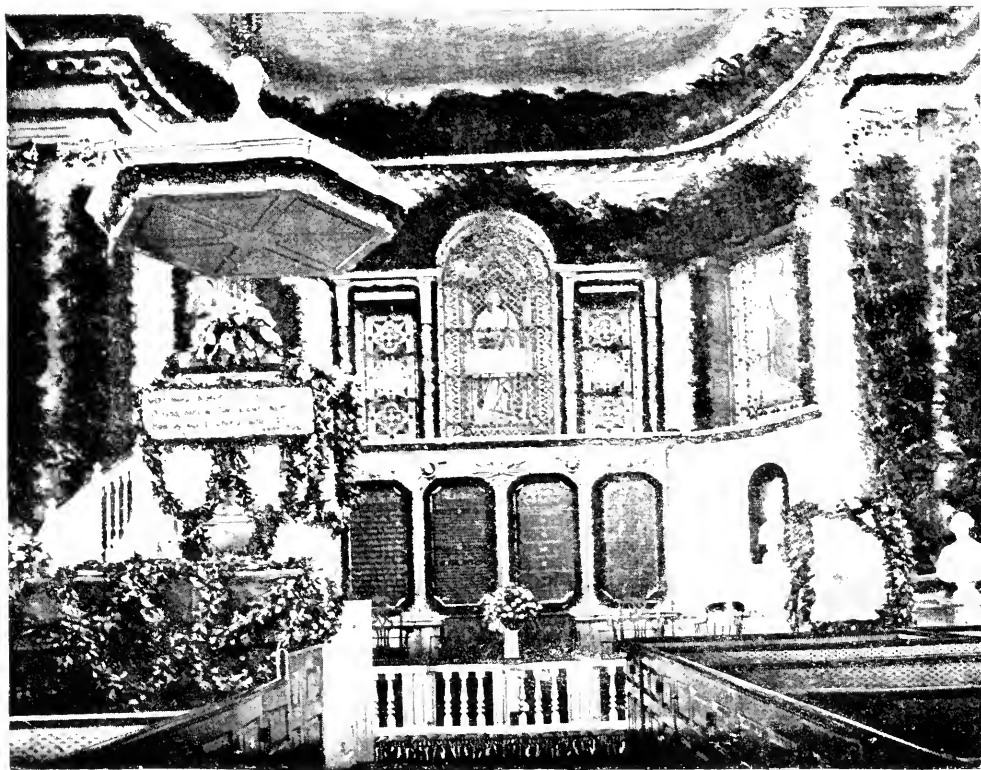
C. P. CRANCH.

REMARKS.

BY DANA ESTES,

Chairman of the Executive Committee.

IT was my great privilege to meet and become acquainted with Mr. Browning during my last visit to London, about eighteen months ago. I saw him in his home, and the principal impressions left on my mind regarding him are, first, his intense vitality, which made him appear threescore rather than fourscore; second, his great kindness and cordiality to me; third, his pride in the genius of his son, whose paintings and sculptures adorned his house from one end to the other; and fourth, his warm regard for his literary contemporaries. He naturally spoke to me more freely of my countrymen than of others; and the great personal regard, as well as literary appreciation, which he expressed for our leading men of letters was, and will remain, a source of pride to me as an American. Among those for whom he expressed more than ordinary affection were Professor Lowell, whom we all delight to honor, and whom we expected here to-day to pay his tribute of respect to his friend; William W. Story, our poet-sculptor; Colonel Higginson, who I am sure is with us in spirit; and Professor



KING'S CHAPEL. CHANCEL AND PULPIT, WITH MEMORIAL DECORATIONS.

Norton, who is prevented by an important engagement from being here, but who sends this letter of regret:—

SHADY HILL, Jan. 15, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter of yesterday. I should be glad if it were possible for me to take part in the commemorative service on the 28th inst.; but on that afternoon I am engaged to attend a meeting of the College faculty, for which business of importance, in which I am concerned, has been made a special assignment.

There will be far better voices than mine to honor the memory of the dead poet. It is an occasion for the expression of the sense of public loss, and of that public gratitude the first expression of which was happily not delayed too long.

I am very truly yours, C. E. NORTON.

DANA ESTES, Esq., Chairman, etc.

I have selected from scores of letters of regret received, a few others of especial interest.

HARTFORD, Jan. 20, 1890.

DANA ESTES, Chairman, etc.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that engagements will probably prevent my attendance at the Browning memorial service.

What a noble thing it is, though, that you thus honor a poet,—only a poet,—and I should like to think it significant of a change in public ideas.

Yours sincerely, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

DANA ESTES, Esq.

YONKERS, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1890.

DEAR SIR, — I regret very much that I shall not be able to be present at the Browning memorial service at King's Chapel. I am very glad, however, that Boston will pay this deserved honor to the great poet. I gratefully recognize him as one of the great spiritual seers and teachers of the nineteenth century, through whose inspiring strains the hearts of our generation have been roused to more earnest life and aspiration, and filled with brighter hope and serenity. What Wagner has been to the music of this century, that has Robert Browning been to its poetic development.

Cordially yours,

JAMES T. BIXBY.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR, — I thank you sincerely for the honor of the invitation to the services in memory of Mr. Browning on the 28th of January, and I am very sorry that engagements not to be avoided compel me to decline it.

It is my happiness to remember that I was among the earliest Americans who knew Mr. Browning in Europe, and I had the pleasure of giving him a copy of Margaret Fuller's review of his poetry, which she wrote for the "New York Tribune." It was the first important tribute to his genius from this country, which welcomed him sooner, I think, and more warmly, than his native land. It is evident that the spell of his power among us has but strengthened and widened with time, and that Miss Fuller's fine appreciation was only the first note of what has become an American chorus of delight and admiration.

I wish that I could hear the good words that will be spoken at your meeting ; but I must console myself by hearty sympathy with the respect for the man and the reverence for the genius, which will be eloquently expressed.

Very faithfully yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The tributes received are not alone from men of letters, but from professional and business men also, and among the latter is one from his Honor the Mayor.

CITY OF BOSTON EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

TO DANA ESTES, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, — I regret to say that other engagements will prevent me from attending the memorial service in honor of Robert Browning, on Tuesday next. As Browning belongs to the English-speaking world, it is right that this city, being the geographical centre of the world's population that speaks English, should honor one of the greatest poets whose language is our mother-tongue.

Respectfully,

THOMAS N. HART, *Mayor*.

Jan. 22. 1892.

I have also a letter expressing the regrets of the editors of "Poet-Lore," a magazine devoted wholly to the literature of the greatest dramatist of recent times and the greatest dramatist of all time, Browning and Shakspeare.

POET-LORE, 223 South Thirty-eighth Street,
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27, 1890.

To the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Browning Society:

DEAR SIR, — We regret that we shall not be able to accept the kind invitations we have received to the Browning Memorial Service of January 28. We will join with you while here, however, as will the poet's lovers everywhere the world over, in honoring the man, whose most spiritual influence remains with us, with our co-operation, to work us good forever.

Believe us sincerely,

CHARLOTTE PORTER.
HELEN A. CLARKE.

AMESBURY, Jan. 31, 1890.

DEAR MR. ESTES, — I directed, I find, wrongly a note to you yesterday, expressive of regret that, owing to illness, I was unable to attend the Browning Memorial Meeting, or to write a letter fitting the occasion.

Yours truly,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Mr. ESTES then read the following poem, composed for the occasion by Mr. R. W. GILDER :—

THE TWELFTH OF DECEMBER, 1889.

ON this day Browning died?
Say, rather : On the tide
That throbs against those glorious palace walls ;
That rises — pauses — falls,
With melody, and myriad-tinted gleams ;
On that enchanted tide,
Half real, and half poured from lovely dreams,
A Soul of Beauty — a white, rhythmic flame —
Passed singing forth into the Eternal Beauty whence it came.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

HYMN.

Sung by the audience at the Westminster Abbey Service.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard, while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

BENEDICTION.

BY REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

MAY the truth and love, the glory and greatness, of our God be with us. May He speak, as He has ever spoken, with the voices of His prophets, which are His voices. May wisdom cry, and understanding lift up her voice; and may people listen and learn. May mercy and peace from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ be with us, and abide with us always. AMEN.

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HON. ROBERT C. PITMAN.

The music was under the direction of B. J. LANG, and the Songs
were by W. J. WINCH.

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